

AT THE SHOPPING CENTER  
THERE ARE MECHANICAL ANIMALS

One little girl, "Good Ship Lollipop"  
tattooed on her lips and the orchard  
of her father's eye, happily  
mounts

the solid pachyderm and is swept off  
by a polemic, springs aboard Paint's  
dry back and is de horsed, squats  
bawling on Sammy The Snail.

His fears are as obvious as his scalp:  
he sees her high above him, out  
of arm's reach while some bearded pasha  
drools onto her white, white  
skin.

He sees her in the arms of a lean,  
no good wrangler who wears his chaps  
and nothing else, who leaves her  
gagging and bruised  
again.

The snail oozes to a halt. He calms  
her in his sleeves, playing to  
a passing cluster of grins, corners  
of his mouth turned up like a brigand's  
mustache.